Omelettes

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Omelettes

by Alphinss

Summary

Hannibal finds a homeless young man at the side of the road. What else is a psychopath to do but ask him for breakfast?

There was a young man sitting on the corner of the street. Hannibal hadn't seen him before but by the look of his clothes and backpack it was evident that he wasn't new to the life he was currently living. There was a dirty mutt sitting beside him with fur that was clearly meant to be a far brighter orange. The man didn't seem to be begging through, merely trying to find a place to rest the night before.

Hannibal looked at him and a feeling that was rather unfamiliar to him, at least so unexpectedly. It was a feeling that prickled down his spine and growled in his chest. The feeling that predator was watching him. The brown messy hair, the stubbled cheeks and the dirty plaid shirt were nothing out of the ordinary. But as soon as those eyes looked up at him, the blue that harshly assessed him; the eyes of a beast that would rip his throat out. Hannibal felt his master purr at the challenge.

"Good morning." The voice was gravely and those predatory eyes were filled with suspicion. For once in his life Hannibal didn't know what to say. He could only blink stupidly at the man.

"Reason you're standing there? I need to move?" the young man clutched tightly at the dog's fur as Hannibal still stared at those blue eyes. But then they were gone. The boy looked down at the mutt and started tugging his things toward him.

Hannibal cleared his throat and seemed to gain some semblance of coherency.

"No, no need to move." The boy paused his movements. Hannibal really couldn't tell the age of him under all that dirt and stubble. "I just found myself wondering as to the reason for your current place of rest."

The young man snorted and blue eyes for a glorious moment looked back up at Hannibal's face again. "You never seen someone homeless before?" The tone was far from polite and caused a frown to form on Hannibal's brow.

"I was merely curious as to why you chose this location rather than the perfectly acceptable shelter that is only around a mile from here." Hannibal's tone was harsher.

"Don't know why that's any of your business." the man grumbled mostly to himself. He hadn't looked up again and Hannibal felt himself grow more tense as each second passed. Those eyes were something new, something interesting.

"I suppose that it was rather rude of me to ask." Hannibal sniffed slightly. He had been far from rude, on the other hand the man had…

"Not a fan of rudeness are you?" The man was back to looking at him with those bright blue orbs that Hannibal thought he could be drowned in.

"I suppose I'm not, no." Hannibal's words were a little slower than he was used to, his brain feeling as though he were wading through a swamp; one that held the crystal blue water of those eyes at its centre; nirvana.

The young man looked away again. “I’m your worst nightmare then, I imagine.”

Hannibal wanted those eyes back. “And how could you possibly think that?”

The boy let out a small laugh that sounded harsh and forced. As he spoke his voice adopted a drawl that only fitted those of the south. “Well I suppose I’ve been told more than enough, that what I am is the most rude thing in existence.” The sneer on the young man’s face was far from attractive, but the anger glittering there was just radiant.

“And what is it that you are?” Hannibal nearly purred.

The blue eyes looked back up at him. “A monster, some would say.”

“And you, what do you say?” Hannibal felt his heart beat faster and his eyes pinned the boy in place. He was exquisite.

“A freak.” The young man sneered.

Hannibal couldn’t help the vicious grin that pulled at his lips and the spark of lust, blood or otherwise, that sparked in his eyes. The boy looked away, but Hannibal was aware of each and every glance that he sent his way.

“Hannibal Lecter” he stuck his hand out. The other didn’t take it.

“Will Graham.” Was mumbled with another glance to his face. “And this is Winston.” the dog gave a small yap at Will’s introduction.

“Will, short for William I assume.” Hannibal smirked. “Well William, a pleasure to make your acquaintance.”

The young man hummed in a non-comital way casting another glance at Hannibal before looking away just as quickly. It wasn’t out of any sort of shyness or civility though. This little one was not fond of eye contact. Well, Hannibal pondered, you never did know what you’d find.

“I find myself rather intrigued dear William,” Hannibal’s eyes roamed every inch of the young man making the target of his intrigue blatantly clear. “Allow me to make you breakfast.”

“Make me breakfast?” Will looked at the man with a frown and his voice was coloured with disbelief; nearly a scoff.

“Indeed” Hannibal purred. “I quite enjoy cooking, and my house is only along the street. In fact I was just coming from it when we happened upon each other.” Hannibal knew that this wasn’t normal, knew that he may risk revealing the monster behind the person suit, but this boy, this man, he was far too intriguing.

“If you were just coming from it you must have something to do” the boy looked at Hannibal with a suspicious glare and clutched the dog tighter to his chest.

“Nothing that can’t be delayed for such a rare opportunity.”

The man looked up, his eyes seemed to pierce Hannibal’s own; blue and maroon.

“Being seen as an opportunity tends not to end well.” Will’s gaze hardened.

Hannibal didn’t break the contact “Merely the opportunity to get to know you better, dearest William. You and Winston that is.”

The dog yipped again and Will looked back at the dirt covered mutt. He then spoke without looking back up at Hannibal.

“Winston will bite you and I do know how to defend myself.”

“I’m sure you do dearest. But why not discuss your accomplishments over some home cooked food and somewhere a little warmer.”

Hannibal waited.

“Alright. Will grabbed his bag and stuffed in a few things that had found their way to the floor around him. “Not like I’ve got anything to lose. And I’m not sure I remember when I last had a cooked meal.” That was mostly whispered to himself, but Hannibal smiled, he would make the meal utterly delectable.

The walk back to the house only took around five minutes; Will walking by his side, with Winston clicking along without the need for a lead.

“This is it.” Hannibal stopped in front of his noble front door. “I believe that your canine companion will be happier in the back garden, and of course it will be kinder on my floors.”

Will scowled and glanced up at Hannibal.

“I’ll leave the back door open of course, his paws, however, may ruin the carpet.”

Will hummed and Hannibal opened the back gate.

“This way William.” Will followed a few paces behind and Hannibal knew that the young man was debating running. Hannibal gave him the space to do so. He didn’t plan to eat this one, he was just far too intriguing. Right now all he wanted to do was simply dine him and talk to him. Maybe giving him a shower wouldn’t hurt as well. But if he decided to run, the monster may change his mind.

The yard was bigger than most in the local area which benefited Hannibal at that moment as the scruffy dog proceeded to roll through the immaculate flower beds and sniff on the lawn; happiness radiating from him. Will smiled at the dog and Hannibal smiled at Will.

“We’ll have to go through the front to open the back. We can close the gate after Winston.”

Will looked with assessing eyes at the taller man before nodding. “Let’s go.”

Hannibal let the young man go first, closing the gate behind the dog who didn't even seem to notice, before pulling his keys from his pocket. Hannibal pushed open the door and shrugged off his coat.

"Welcome to my humble abode." Will stood in the door way. "Feel free to look around. Just close the door behind you."

Hannibal left the young man in the doorway and made his way toward the kitchen. Will may rummage through his house, steal what he could and then run if he wanted to, but Hannibal was mostly sure that he wouldn't. If he was worth as much as Hannibal thought he was then he wouldn't. If he did, well, Hannibal would enjoy his next dinner party sooner than he had planned.

Hannibal listened as he rolled up his shirt sleeves and tied his apron. As he got the ingredients from the fridge he heard the floorboards of the stairs creak, the door having been clicked shut a few minutes before. Hannibal whisked the eggs into a bowl and was pouring them into the pan as the stairs creaked again and Hannibal heard the sound of running water.

Hannibal plated the omelet and set it on the table, a cup of juice and coffee next to the plate. He took his own cup of coffee, placing it opposite the place containing the omelette.

"William" Hannibal called slightly louder than needed; the young man was only in next room after all. "The food is ready and it's best eaten hot."

There was a scuffle of feet and a blushing face as the young man appeared in the doorway of the kitchen. Will had evidently tried to clean up a little, which Hannibal appreciated, it was polite after all. His hair was a little damp and his face and hands had evidently been scrubbed clean. The stubble still persisted, but under the grime Hannibal could see that Will was not so far from a boy, but could not be confused with one.

"Won't you sit." Hannibal himself was seated and sipping at his coffee.

It seemed the smell of food was enough to entice the young man even if he was still cautious of Hannibal. Will sat, glancing up at Hannibal and then down at the food. Hannibal only took another sip of the black liquid. That was all the permission Will needed, it seemed.

The boy picked up his fork and started. Hannibal could see the struggle on his face as he tried not to just eat as much and as quickly as he possibly could. The young man really did seem to have at least a basic grasp of manners. That was a good start.

"Is it good?" Hannibal did always like to have his food complimented.

"It's really good" Will whispered after he swallowed his mouthful.

"I do fancy myself a bit of a chef. I'm afraid time has rather been the enemy though. Maybe I shall make you something a little more exciting for our next meal." Hannibal had set out a line, time to see if the little fish bit.

Will looked up, seeing the bait and debating the advantages of his bite. “That depends when the next meal would be, I suppose.”

Hannibal smiled, a nibble was enough for now. “How about tonight. I can stop on my way back from work and pick up the ingredients.” Hannibal kept his eyes pinned to the young man.

“And how would I know when to come? I don’t have a phone, no way to contact me.” Will took another bite of his omelette, never looking up.

“Well, if you never leave it wouldn’t be a problem, would it.”

Will hummed. “No I suppose it wouldn’t be.”

Hannibal couldn’t help the grin that spread across his face like a tiger who was about to sink his claws into an unsuspecting prey. Hannibal stood from his chair, coffee cup being placed in the sink.

“You can use anything you want, food, a shower, any of the bedrooms.” Hannibal unrolled his sleeves and untied his apron. “I should be back at around six. I’ll prepare us a feast dear William.”

Hannibal threw one more predatory smile at the young man before picking up his coat and making his way out of the door. His little fish had the hook jammed into the roof of his mouth. There was no escaping now that blood was leaking from the wound. Although his little fish didn’t seem to mind the coppery taste in his mouth.

Will blinked around the now empty kitchen feeling as though he was surrounded by a heavy and blinding fog that really didn’t seem to be leaving.

Hannibal Lecter.

He hadn’t even thought that any real people had names like that before this morning and now, here he was, sitting alone in the man’s kitchen having eaten hot food for the first time in months. The man was something. Something that Will couldn’t put into words. His mind had been screaming at him to run, to hide, to protect himself and yet he couldn’t, he just couldn’t.

There was something beautiful, something clawing and violently tragic. Something that just couldn’t be described other than through coatings of blood and the feeling of your very soul being ripped in two. It was transcendent and Will hadn’t been able to resist the pull even when he knew it was a trap.

Will knew a monster when he saw one. But monsters had never scared him. As soon as their eyes had met, Will had seen the creature rearing its head and in that moment he had known that death from such a strong creature would be a worthwhile one. If it came to it then WIll would happily have his throat torn by the smiling teeth.

I was not that Will wanted to die, per se, apathy was a better way to talk of it. Death had never scared him. Especially when such a handsome man presented it to him with a wolf's smile. If Will was to die with a hot meal in his stomach and his dog unable to see his suffering, then he really didn't find it in himself to protest.

If Will hadn't been a freak maybe his life would have been different. His empathy, his autism, his sexual orientation. Maybe if just one of those had changed, maybe he would feel that life was worth something, that he was worthy of living it.

Will took his dishes to the sink. At least if he was living in a monster's house he might as well clean up after himself. It seemed that the man might have a problem if he just left them there; it would be rude after all.

Hannibal opened the front door with a tired sigh; he just wanted a glass of wine and a good meal. He had had his last patient run over by fifteen minutes with inane questions and the desperate need for reassurance, and it was only the man's first session. Hannibal being the professional he was couldn't just break the man's neck and be done with it. Yet that didn't stop Hannibal from dreading his next session with Franklin.

As he stepped through the threshold Hannibal saw a pair of scruffy trainers and smiled; it seemed that William had decided to stay after all. He felt his mood lift and a vicious smile pull at his lips. The boy had stayed, his boy had stayed.

Hannibal made his way into the kitchen and emptied his ingredients onto the counter, he had a feast to prepare. It was not a complex meal, he was sure that he would need to refine William's palate in the future. However, a simple meal didn't mean that it would be any less delightful.

Hannibal was finishing rolling the pastry into the tray as the young man of his thoughts walked into the room. His hair was fuzzy around his head in fluffy curls, his eyes spoke of sleep and his clothes were certainly not ones that he had come in. In fact, Hannibal could smell his own scent now radiating from the other man. Had he raided Hannibal's wardrobe? Hannibal suppressed the growl in his throat. How delicious.

"Good evening William. Did you sleep well?" Hannibal's voice was like silk.

The boy glared at him and rubbed at his eyes. He rather looked like a hibernating bear who had had his rest disturbed. Hannibal had the sense that he could rip your face off, but at that very moment he just didn't have the energy.

"Your choice of attire is certainly an improvement."

If looks could kill. Hannibal chuckled as the bear cub sat at the table and blinked at the monster who was placing the pie in the oven.

"The food should be ready in around half an hour. Do you like beef William?" Hannibal could feel the monster in him tense it looked longingly at the enigma before him.

“I suppose.” Will hummed. “But we’re not eating beef, so what does it matter if I like it.”

Hannibal felt his heart jolt in his chest. Oh he was beautiful. Hannibal kept his face smooth and his demeanour polite.

“Whatever do you mean dearest?”

The bear was now fully awake and ready to disembowel. “I think you know Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal’s eyes glittered. “I don’t believe I told you I was a doctor William.”

“Rather obvious Doctor. Have you seen that library of yours?”

Hannibal flashed his teeth. His little bear was trying to distract him, move the conversation from the one that Hannibal wanted.

“Most medical doctors do tend to have a fascination with the human anatomy.”

Will narrowed his eyes. “And dismembering it.”

Hannibal’s gaze intensified, his monster growling and preening. “Vivisections always have a little more spice to them. I could not have been a Pathologist, lacks the real life interactions.”

“And I suppose you’d miss the look of fear as well.”

It wasn’t an accusation. It wasn’t as though the young man was begging for his life, or even for Hannibal to change his ways. No, he knew, and he wasn’t asking anything. Hannibal’s lips twitched and a wave crashed through him. He felt seen.

“It is rather enjoyable to watch the last flicker of hope fade.”

Will didn’t even look surprised. “And then consumption. Makes you feel powerful, turning them into the pigs that they are. The rude deserve nothing less.”

Hannibal let out a growl. “Worthless.”

“And me” Will’s blue eyes finally made contact with the ones that were nearly sparking red. “Would I be worth consuming?”

Hannibal’s face was truly that of a vicious creature. “You’re far too valuable to consume my dearest William.” Hannibal paused. “At least in a meal.”

Will didn’t look away. “And there are other ways to consume.”

It was a prompt not a question.

“Many, my dearest. So many.” Hannibal felt his monster purr. “And I intend to consume you in every way that I can William. There’s no leaving now, no escaping. You are mine.”

Will’s eyes seemed to spark. HIs body tensed and Hannibal could smell as his blood pumped faster and adrenaline filled his veins.

“If I try to run?”

“I’ll catch you.” Hannibal could feel his own heart thudding in his chest. He stepped from behind the counter, his eyes never breaking from Will’s.

“If I tell someone?”

Hannibal stepped forward, feet from William. “I’ll take your tongue and i’ll take their life.” Hannibal stepped forward again. He was towering above the smaller man in the chair.

“If I fight?”

Hannibal’s grin was closer to a growl as his teeth were sharp and threatening. “You’d lose”

Will shot to his feet, he was a head shorter than Hannibal and yet his glare was murderous. His blue eyes were as cold as ice and he bared his own teeth in a snarl.

“How are you so sure?” Every nerve in Hannibal lit up. William was so close that Hannibal could smell him, or more precisely smell himself on him. His shampoo in his hair, his fabric softener in the clothes. It was claiming. Just as Hannibal had done. The clothes the soap, the bed that Hannibal was now sure the boy had slept in.

“I know William.”

A flash and his lips were on the young man’s. His hands clawed at the clothed hip wrenching the smaller body toward him. Teeth bit into lips and blood filled both their mouths. Will’s hands clawed at the pristine white shirt. Hannibal’s nails dug into the skin of Will’s back.

Lips bleeding and blood dripping, they pulled apart. Will looked at Hannibal with a vicious lust and a hammering heart, his breath coming fast.

“I suppose you would be right Hannibal.”

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3 months later

Hannibal heard the knock at the door and frowned, he was not expecting anyone tonight. No, tonight he had told William that he would cook for him, the young man had, after all, caught the food. It was only fair that Hannibal prepare it.

Hannibal placed the meat back on the counter with a mournful look, quickly washing his hands. His little bear was still upstairs taking a well deserved nap after a night filled with artistic renditions and beautiful tapestries.

Another rap on the door.

Hannibal pulled the door open. “Alana” Hannibal tried to keep the surprise from his face as he was greeted by the face of his ex-student. It had been weeks since he had seen her and months since she had been at his house.

“Good evening Hannibal.” The woman was smiling up at him.

Not one to be rude, Hannibal did the only thing that he could and invited her in. She sat down in the kitchen and sighed as Hannibal cast his eyes to his half prepared meal.

“I’m sorry to barge in on you like this Hannibal, I just need some advice, maybe some psychoanalysis. I know that you enjoy it.”

Oh, Hannibal should have seen this coming.

“A drink?” Hannibal knew that there was no getting rid of her now.

“You have any beer?” the woman was smiling.

Hannibal poured a glass from his personal stock.

“I’ll prepare dinner while we talk, if you have no protests.” Hannibal didn’t give the woman the chance to protest as he turned back the meat and grabbed a knife from the block.

“Of course Hannibal. I don’t want to interrupt your night anymore than I have to.” The woman took a sip of the beer and Hannibal had to smile; ignorance is bliss as they say. Alana then started to take folders from her bag and spread them across the counter. Hannibal had to keep his face straight. It really hadn’t taken long, had it.

“There’s a new killer Hannibal, killed for the first time last night, or at least the first that we know of. He displayed the body. The FBI have asked me to asses his motivations, but I’m having some difficulty and thought you might be able to help.”

Alana flicked through the folders as Hannibal continued his meal preparations.

“It’s not the ripper?” Hannibal knew it wasn’t, he hadn’t done this, in fact he knew exactly who had done it. He had to bury his laugh as he cut the carrots.

“Not his M.O.” Alana sighed. “It was far more rough and less precise. It could be a copycat or it could be another psychopath with no connection.”

Hannibal turned on the gas and began to brown the meat. “A copycat?”

“Well yes” Alana flipped through the paper quickly, finding what she wanted. “The medical report said that there were parts missing. A leg, kidneys and the heart as well. But it wasn’t as surgical as the ripper. The organs were…” Alana scanned the paper. “Well they were all pulled out of the body before his tableau. It was as though he was deciding what he wanted, not really sure what he was looking for as a trophy.”

“So what was this tableau of his?” Hannibal started to add the vegetables. Hannibal had wanted to make something decedent in celebration of his little bear’s first kill, yet the man had protested. The kidneys and heart he could use as he wished, but Will’s pallet was still something Hannibal was working on and so the man had demanded something simple. That was the celebration he wanted. So Hannibal stirred the stew making sure the vegetables didn’t stick; as long as it made his dear William happy.

“Well the victim was disembowelled, then dissected. He was cut into parts, each organ and limb was wrapped in red thread and the killer tied one to each branch of a tree. The killer then used the victim’s skin to wrap around the base of the tree.” Alana placed a picture before Hannibal.

Hannibal hummed. “A living tree. The tree of life. The source of all knowledge was said to be a tree, take aa forbidden fruit and learn the horror of the truth. Could it be that the killer is daring us to open our eyes, to see the truth of his reality?”

“And the red thread?” Alana looked intently at Hannibal.

“It is said in Asian philosophy that hearts are bound through a red thread, that to find true love one must follow it.”

“So he wants us to see the reality through what? Love?” Alana scoffed and Hannibal frowned as he poured broth over the stew. He put on the lid and set it to simmer.

“Maybe he just wants one person to see it. The red thread may mean the person the killer’s heart is already connected to. Or maybe he believes that this person already helped him see the truth of reality? Could it be a sign of gratitude?”

Hannibal picked up the picture again. His Will really was an artist. He may need a little more practice on his surgical technique. Hannibal could see from here that the cuts were a little rough and some of the organs had been pierced. But for a first try this was exceptional. Hannibal couldn’t wait to thank his dearest, just after the uninvited guest left.

“Gratitude?” Alana hummed as she looked through her own documents. “You might be on to something there.” She pulled out another piece of paper.

“And the heart was taken, maybe the killer gave it to him?”

“A sign of his devotion.” Hannibal hummed as he thought about the heart in his freezer.

“But why the other parts? The kidney? The leg?” Alana clenched her teeth in frustration.

“A trophy of his own?” Hannibal made his face twist in contemplation. “Or maybe another message? There were things that he left behind, gave up, in order to reach his reality?”

Alana hummed. “That makes sense he could…”

Alana was cut off as the kitchen door flew open and a loud voice filled the room. “Hannibal I’m hungry! You promised me food, so where is it?”

Alana stared open mouthed at the person in the doorway. Brown wild hair, a pair of tortoise shell glasses and a smattering of stubble. He couldn’t have been more than twenty five and was dressed in what looked like pyjamas; Hannibal’s pyjamas. The clearly expensive clothes hung off his skinny frame showing his neck and only just hanging onto his hips. And on top of all of that he was being rude to Hannibal. Rude in the man’s own home.

Hannibal laughed. Alana thought that she might have a stroke.

“We have a guest William, it would be impolite not to introduce yourself.”

The young man’s face fell as he turned to Alana and Alana felt a shiver run down her spine. The young man didn’t look at her the blue eyes fixed firmly on the floor, but Alana could feel the dagger of dislike that he sent her way.

“Will Graham, nice to meet you.” The words sound forced and he didn’t even attempt to offer her a hand to shake.

“Doctor Alana Bloom, nice to meet you Will.” She hadn’t even finished the words before the young man was turning back to Hannibal.

“Dinner?” he asked the man who would have kicked from the house anyone else who had asked him a question like that, and yet, once more, Hannibal did nothing more than laugh fondly.

“It’ll be at least another 15 minutes dearest. Why don’t you go and play with Winston?”

The young man, Will, hummed. “What are we having?” Alana could only see his back but could see from the angle of his head that his eyes were directly looking into Hannibal’s.

“That’s half the fun of serving it William.” Hannibal smiled fondly.

If Alana had still had the ability to speak she would have been robbed of it again as the young man stepped forward, pausing for only a second before he firmly and insistently pressed his lips against Hannibal’s own. Yet Hannibal didn’t push him off or react with shock, instead he only pulled the young man closer, his hand wrapping around his waist.

Alana could only watch in shock as the young man tried to deepen the kiss, only for Hannibal to smile against the other’s lips and pull back.

“Come now William, you know that we have a guest.”

The boy grumbled and set his tiptoed feet flat on the ground once more.

“I’ll call you when dinner’s ready darling.” Will hummed and opened the patio doors. Alana heard an enthusiastic barking before the door was closed again. A dog as well?

Hannibal turned back the the pot on the stove, checking it with a quick stir before he looked back to Alana who was still struggling to string her thoughts together.

“I apologise for William, he gets a little possessive on occasion.” Alana blinked and reeled from what had just happened.

“W-Who?” she managed to choke out.

“Oh, that’s right” Hannibal nearly purred feeling like the cat who had the cream. “I haven’t told you of William before. He and I started dating around three months ago. He and Winston, his dog, live here now.”

“Hannibal I didn’t know…” Alana stumbled over her words. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

Hannibal smiled self deprecatingly. “Well William is a little shy, I suppose. He doesn’t care for all the socialising that comes with being my significant other. Although I have convinced him to come to the opera next week.” Hannibal smiled. It was less like convince and more like blackmail.

“But…but we met for lunch and…” Alana stumbled and spoke before she realised.

Hannibal frowned. “I’m sorry if you thought anything was implied by those meals. I merely…”

“No, no, no” Alana waved her hands in the air with a frantic desperation. “Sorry Hannibal.” This was such a mess, she had thought, but no.

“I’ll just be going, enjoy your meal, and, and thank you for your help.”

With papers still clutched in her hands Alana didn’t even wait for Hannibal to lead her to the door, she ran. Ran from her embarrassment, stupidity and utter confusion. When she got home she would drown herself in whisky and pretend that none of it had ever happened.

Hannibal only watched her go as he once again stirred the stew.

The back door opened again. “She’s gone?” Will was standing in the doorway, Wilson barking to get in at his sides. Will threw a ball, the dog ran after it before he closed the door after it.

“She is” Hannibal smiled at his boy. Will hummed.

“You know that was rather rude of you William. The timing, the clothes, the kiss.”

“Nothing more than an accident” Will huffed.

Hannibal stepped toward the shorter man, his hand running over the stubbled cheek. “I’m sure.”

Hannibal pressed a kiss to the smooth forehead. “Your work really was divine though William.” Hannibal kissed the younger man’s temple. “Transcendent even.”

Will smiled up at Hannibal. “A masterpiece one might say.”

“A masterpiece indeed”

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